La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lieſt, Queene Margaret ſawe
Thy bloudy faulchion ſmoking in his bloud,
The which thou once did bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlaunderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloudie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought but butcheries.
Didſt thou not kill this king? *Glo.* I grant yea.
La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou mayeſt be damnd for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen, that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bedchamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kinde incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blameſull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect,
Your beautie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt one houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from my cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eies could neuer indure ſweet beauties wracke,

You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheered by the ſonne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy li
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengd on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.
La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go to, he liues that loues you better then he coul
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why that was he.
Glo. The ſelfe ſame name, but one of better nature.
La. Where is he?
Glo. Heere. *She ſpitteth at him.*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at me?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fouler toade,
Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my eies.
Glo. Thine eies ſweete Lady, haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Thoſe eies of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops:
I neuer ſued to friend nor enemie,
My tongne could neuer learne ſweete ſoothing words:
But now thy beautie is propoſde my fee:
My proude heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Lo here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed ſword,